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Dear Diary



👁 38 ✓ 3 ⭐ 6

Chapter 1 by EElizabeth

Hello.

My name is Crius.

My therapist said that this would be a good way for me to take event of what goes on in my life.

Personally, I don't think I need it.

I'm completely normal.

Of course, I know of things others don't.

I know of the evil's of this world.

I know it's coming to an end.

I can stop it.

Me and the others like me.

There's others like me.

I know it. I've met them.

We have powers.

My therapist thinks I'm crazy, my parents probably would've thought so too.

The others like me, know I'm sane.

They know I'm not crazy, and I know it's all coming to an end.

Chapter 2 by Mia



I meet them on the internet, just shortly after my parents died. I googled the strange feelings I had after their death, or the feeling my father gave me when I held his hand while he took his last breath.

I joined a support group for people who had lost their parents to death. I found myself bound to this group of people experiencing the same feelings as me.

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As the school couldn't understand someone taking so easy on parents death they sent me to the therapist. I wrote to the Internet group the day before the therapy session. They warned me, all of them...

Chapter 3 by intellikat



The therapy session took place in a nondescript and gloomy office. The therapist: as stereotypical as one could imagine.

I sat in a couch facing the man in his own chair as he queried my feelings, thoughts, dreams, hopes for the future. I answered him dutifully, always remembering what the group had told me... hoping it would not be true.

"At some point, he will ask you to close your eyes and remember their faces. Whatever you do... DON'T do it. They will know of your powers, as they knew of your parents'. Once you let him inside your mind, you will never regain control. You must instead trick him into doing the same. Lure him into opening his mind to you. Then you will be able to search his memories and find your parents' killers. Then you will be able to help us find the one called Blighted Father and stop the calamity about to choke the human race."

The therapist leaned forward in the gloom and removed his spectacles.

"Relaxing here, isn't it?" he said. "Safe. Thank you for trusting me with all you've said today." He paused. "There is one more thing I wish to ask of you. Let me offer you some further respite. It's a simple exercise in relaxing the body and focusing the mind. Aids in sleep and well-being. Just lean back and close your eyes. I want to imagine the things in your mind's eye as I say them to you."

Chapter 4 by intellikat



"Sure," I said. "Just tell me what you want me to imagine," I said, settling in.

"Very good. Very good. Please. Just envision something warm and pleasant from your

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Good. Now I want you to think of your parents and

--Doc. I'm having trouble remembering anything pleasant."

"Did you have a pet?"

"I think so. What are those short dogs called?"

"Beagles?"

"No, no... with dark and brown fur..."

"What does the tail look like?" the therapist said, leaning closer.

"Sharp and pointed. They have a German sounding name, I think."

The therapist frowned. "Oh, you must be thinking of a Dachshund. That sounds alot like a Dachshund."

"Yes, that's right, a Dachshund," I said, leaning forward myself and opening my eyes. "Now I want you to imagine what you had for lunch."

He leaned back in his chair and his jaw went slack. "Mmmm. Pastrami on rye. Vanilla milkshake."

"Good. Good." I had him now. "Open your mind to me!"

In the next hour, the therapist revealed everything I suspected and more. My parents had been mindjacked in their own home during the blissful days of Christmas, a primetime when minds are at ease and unfortified against these creatures from beyond the void. They had tried to fight against them in their work as government physicists, but had failed. The infiltration ran deep. It seemed that no government had been able to resist the creatures' influence; from the top to the bottom, every country had been mindjacked, the will of the elite had been ransacked and taken captive, and humanity was moving ever swiftly toward endgame.

But the therapist's mind seeped secrets to me of the location of The Deep Well... a fortress

I was there that world ended. See more of Story Wars

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